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THE RAGTIMER

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THE RAGTIME SOCIETY

DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF CLASSICAL RAGTIME

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is a non - profit corporation having the following objects:

To preserve classical ragtime music and to pursue such other activities as shall serve to maintain and develop interest in classical ragtime music and music related thereto.

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RAGTIME...

UNDER YOUR HAT

In the heyday of ragtime, one could pick up magazines and newspapers and find many references to this musical style. Most of the articles concentrated on the evil, seamy nature of this "questionable" art form, rather than the beautiful melodies and exciting syncopations.

This was not all bad. It did, at least, keep the music in the public eye... and ear.

For thirty years thereafter, virtually nothing was seen or heard of this "wicked" music. However, with the publication of They All Played Ragtime in 1950, written by Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis, once again ragtime emerged. Not as a reincarnation of evil; instead as an art form worthy of the concert stage.

Once again magazines and newspapers are writing about ragtime, but now are concentrating on the positive aspects rather than the so-called negative influences of the music.

In this issue of THE RAGTIMER we reprint two such articles. The first, a brief outline of the dedication ceremony commemorating the birthplace of JOSEPH F. LAMB. The second, an in-depth written portrait of EUBIE BLAKE, at home.

Remember, articles such as these, contributed by concerned members, spread the ragtime word. Do YOUR part; mail in any material of this nature that you see... your fellow SOCIETY members might have missed it.

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RAG COMPOSER REMEMBERED

On Saturday October 28, 1978, a granite marker was placed on the lawn in front of the home where JOSEPH F. LAMB was born. This article, reprinted from the local Montclair newspaper, describes this significant event.

Montclair, a community which has had a fair share of inventors, authors and celebrities among its citizens and is also the home of the second man to walk the craters of the moon, will hit another high note this weekend when the birthplace of the ragtime composer, Joseph F. Lamb is dedicated to his memory.

To memorialize the birthplace of this musician, a reception featuring ragtime music will be held at the Unitarian Church, 67 Church St., Montclair, Saturday at 1 P. M. The program will include the selection, "One for Amelia," written by Max Morath in honor of the late composer's wife, who will be present for the festivities, with other members of the family.

At 1:45 P. M. the home of the composer at 111 North Fullerton Ave. will be dedicated with the placement of a stone.

Of the great ragtime composers including Scott Joplin, and James Scott only Joe Lamb was not black and was born east of the Mississippi.

Mr. Lamb, was born in Montclair Dec. 6, 1887. This was reported in the book, "They All Played Ragtime", by Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis, whose work lifted this composer from self-imposed obscurity to his present recognition.

Dr. Marureen Carr, chairman of the department of music at Montclair State College agreed to help put together a suitable presentation and was joined by Mrs. Rose Castronova of the Victorian Society.

Certainly it had a great deal to do with the festivities planned at the Unitarian Church for this Saturday and the subsequent dedication of 111 North Fullerton.

The dedication will be made by his friend and rediscoverer, Rudi Blesh.

The house was built in 1885 by Lamb's father, James, a building contractor; the future composer lived there until 1900, when his father died and he enrolled in Saint Jerome's College in Ontario where he remained until 1904 when he was accepted as an engineering student at Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken.

After a brief stay in Marin County, Ca., Mr. Lamb returned to Montclair in 1906 and in 1911 married Henrietta Shultz and moved to Brooklyn where he served as an arranger for a musical publishing company for about three years, leaving for a position in the import field where he spent the rest of his business life.

In 1922 Mr. Lamb married Amelia Collins, and continued commercial work, keeping his music in a hobby position.

According to Marjorie Freilich Den, in her composition, "Joseph F. Lamb: A Ragtime Composer Recalled", 'the publication of "They All Played Ragtime' made a tremendous impact on the life of Joe Lamb."

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by
TEX
WYNDHAM

Dirty Shame DSRC 1238 'Riverfront Rags And Blues', piano solos and vocals by Daryl Ott

Selections: Please Go 'Way And Let Me Sleep; You'll Have To Put A Nightie On Aphrodite; Deep Henderson; The Lion Tamer Rag; Truckin'; Paswonky; Alamo Rag; Henry's Plunk; Don't You Leave Me Here; Let's Misbehave; Bantam Step; Hannah, Won't You Open That Door; Peaceful Henry; Sportin' Life; Car-Barlick Acid; I'll See You In My Dreams.

Available from Dirty Shame Records, 4552 Shenandoah, St. Louis, Missouri 63110.

Daryl Ott's recording debut reveals a multi-faceted artist at home with outgoing, no-nonsense Midwestern ragtime ('Peaceful', 'Lion'), good-natured vocals ('Sleep', 'Aphrodite') and funky, easy-going blues ('Leave'). Possessing a voice capable of doing justice to ballads that need to be sung rather than shouted ('Henderson'), a sensitivity for down-home pianistics ('Plunk', an Ott original, a solid, straight-forward rag that manages the difficult feat of sounding fresh but still a part of the early, bucolic ragtime stream), and a knack for interpreting a tune to point up its best features whether humorous (frenzied door-knocking on 'Hannah') or wistful ('Life', wonderfully down-beat -- worldly, cynical, self-mocking), Daryl gives you a pretty broad program that has a lot in it to like. With sixteen numbers, you can toss out the misfires ('Truckin'' and 'Acid' are too fast, 'Paswonky' is a poor performance, and 'Dreams' contains a mood change that's just too abrupt to digest) and nevertheless be left with an enjoyable crop. An auspicious start for an up-and-coming ragtimer.

* * *

Folkways RBF 37 'Early Syncopated Dance Music: Cakewalks, Two-Steps, Trots And Glides'

Selections and Artists: At A Georgia Camp Meeting - Sousa's Band; Smoky Mokes - Columbia Orchestra; Creole Belles - Metropolitan Orchestra; King Chanticleer - Prince's Band; Kerry Mills' Ragtime Dance - Zonophone Concert Band; Kentucky

Kut Up, The Minstrel Band, Grizzly Bear - Pryor's Band; Gertrude Hoffman Glide, Too Much Mustard - Walter B. Rogers' Band; Everybody Two-Step, The Horse Trot - Military Band; One Step Instruction; Bon Ton One Step - Conway's Band; The Dancing Deacon - Jim Europe's Hell Fighters; Bees Knees - Original Memphis Five.

Available @ $7.98 (U.S. residents) from Folkways Records, 43 West 61st Street, New York City, New York 10023.

This compilation by David A. Jasen of vintage recordings from the ragtime years gives us a look at the relatively furious pace taken by the military-type bands that waxed popular dance material of the day, much of which has found its way into the repertoire of today's ragtimers. As long as we don't have to exert ourselves beyond foot-tapping, it's easy to get caught up in the carnival-like gusto of these performances, and the more adventurous can benefit from a track of spoken instruction on the one-step that'll turn you into Vernon or Irene Castle overnight. And if this review doesn't seem to treat the subject seriously, well, the whole disc, including Dave's good-natured and informative liner notes, is more a fun-type nostalgia trip than an in-depth exploration of the music, which is all of a piece, in spare, highly functional arrangements. Not sure to whom I should recommend it, but I like it, and anyway it has enough historical interest to justify notice here.

* * *

Sackville 2012* 'Piano Solos', by Ralph Sutton

Selections: Medley ('Round The Old Deserted Farm· A Cottage For Sale· T'ain't So, Honey, T'ain't So), Echoes Of Spring, Morning Air, Eye Opener, In The Dark, Honky Tonk Train Blues, My Fate Is In Your Hands, Viper's Drag, Love Lies.

Available @ $6.98 (Canadian dollars) from Sackville Records, c/o Coda Publications, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4J 4X8.

*This album is a reissue of Eighty-Eight Up Right 88 UR-004.

It has been too long since this column has been privileged to call your attention to the prodigious abilities of Ralph Sutton, for some thirty-plus years a leading -- some would say the leading -- contemporary practitioner of Harlem stride. You get the pure product here in two rich numbers composed by The Lion ('Echoes', 'Air') and two from Fats ('Fate', 'Viper's'), plus object lessons in the rent-party method of reworking ballads as Sutton embroiders the ever-present melodies of 'Love' and a medley of Willard Robison tunes via a cornucopia of freshly minted fills, substitute chords, broken rhythms, two-handed licks and other devices that hold your interest and keep up a sense of swing even during the slow, out-of-tempo spots. Add three widely different set pieces -- Bix's reflective 'Dark', Lewis' surging boogie 'Train', and Zurke's rip-roaring 'Opener' -- and you have as complete a survey of pre-bop piano, brilliantly executed, as you're likely to get from anyone around. If you must have only midwestern classic ragtime, you may not appreciate everything on this superb disc, but believe me, you're missing something.

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E U B I E ! !

On Wednesday February 7, 1979, the venerable "Dean of Ragtime" EUBIE BLAKE, will celebrate his 96th birthday. As a tribute to "Eubie", and to commemorate this memorable occasion, we reprint this outstanding article by FREDERICK G. VOGEL, from the summer '78 issue of JAZZ MAGAZINE.

It's a small, comfortable Brooklyn brownstone, as unlike a shrine as one can imagine. For a moment, the visitor is bewildered, unable to fathom why the home of Eubie Blake, one of the sources of jazz, isn't more austere - or perhaps more luxurious.

The trappings of a shrine are there. Plaques, awards, and photographs of celebrities he has known cover the walls. Then there's the spit-polished grand piano stretching across the living room, a reminder that its 95-year-old owner still practices while gazing into a pleasant, if slowly decaying, residential street in one of New York City's most embattled neighborhoods.

The piano dominates the room as Eubie Blake dominates Bedford-Stuyvesant, where his neighbors know him as Mr. Ragtime. They realize that his reputation soars far beyond Brooklyn. But he remains their celebrity, a legend who helped pioneer the popularity of ragtime before the Spanish-American War and who has helped keep it alive ever since.

The man himself appears, the wiry son of emancipated slaves, dapper in a dark, neatly pressed suit, his mustache only flecked with gray. His gentle personality pervades the atmosphere. His delight in discussing music is matched only by his desire to make a guest feel at ease, not awestruck, in his home.

The awards and plaques can now be seen for what they are; diplomas notching the milestones of a unique career. The photographs of contemporaries such as Louis Armstrong are displayed casually, but lovingly, as other men hang pictures of their families, and that's what these people were to him. After a few minutes, one notices something else: Pleased as he is with the attention he has received for so long, he's also a little mystified by it.

"No, no," he insists in his soft, clear voice, "don't call me Mr. Blake. People will get to thinking I'm old." He smiles. "I never cared for the James Hubert I was born with. Besides, my friends had trouble pronouncing Hubert. Joobie, Oobie, Hoobie, that's what they'd call me. So I coined the name Eubie. You'll never know how much trouble that saved everybody."

He sits erect in the opposite hard-backed chair, resting his hands on a table, eager to talk. Except for his radiant eyes, it's the hands that magnetize. Long, bony, sinewy fingers, like a physician's, with the wrists displaying the supple, hard-flesh strength of a dentist's.

"Here's where it matters," he says, tapping a wrist. "Here's where you get your power. That's what makes the fingers ripple or jack-knife along the keys, or pound out a chord. The fingers, they're only the branches. The wrist is the trunk."

Asked for his definition of jazz, he begins to illustrate his answer by thumping his fingers on the table. But soon the melody-maker in him dismisses miming, and he bolts from the chair and hurries to seat himself at the piano. "Here, let me show you what I mean!" he says.

"I don't think I can put it into words, but I'll try. Did you ever watch circus horses? I did 'way back when I played for Barnum & Bailey. Do you know when they'd begin prancing? When the bandwagon music started up. It was automatic to them. Oh, they didn't prance in tempo, but the music made them walk with rhythm, jaunty-like.

"That's because rhythm is the most contagious thing in the world. Life itself has rhythm, and so does every kind of melody."

His fingers ease into the graceful cadences of Lehar's Merry Widow Waltz.

"This has rhythm, plenty of it, and it moves the body. But it does it in a formal way. Now listen..."

He proceeds to "synch up" the waltz and the change in his own movements is immediate. He accompanies his fingers up and down the keyboard with decisive nods of his head. His feet, when not pumping the pedals, tap like muffled drumbeats on the carpet.

"The heart of the whole thing," he says, "is syncopation - of the melody line, that is. The left hand beats out the harmony and bass while the right plays the counter melodies. Then they combine to pull the tune together so you recognize it, and then separate again."

He switches to his own Troublesome Ivories. "This is ragtime," he says, or jazz as they came to call it. To me, they're the same. In fact, I rarely use the word jazz, especially in front of a lady. It has too many bad connotations, none of them having to do with music. Let's just say both are from the same cradle. All we do is keep it rocking, each in our own way."

He continues by recalling the greeting this bastard offspring of traditional music received from his family and neighbors in the 1890s.

"They were horrified by it, black and white both. They didn't understand it, and

so they fought it. Preachers blasted it and parents blasted it. It was city music, and the city was evil. Even my own mother - I guess you'd call her a little over-religious - wouldn't let me play it in the house. So we kids played it where we could, which meant in someone's barn or in the nearest town."

The new music never let go of Blake. In 1899, in his native Baltimore, he composed his first ragtime, The Charleston Rag. A friend had to write it down for him because although Eubie could play the piano, mastering the intricacies of composition lay a few years in the future. It was a neighbor, Margaret Marshall, a church organist, who had taught him how to play and read music; it was left to another black Baltimorean, Llewellyn Wilson, a conductor with the Baltimore Colored Symphony, to teach the youngster how to write it.

Blake attributes much of his success to these two early teachers. They provided him with what he needed most, knowledge and the encouragement to buck the prevailing assessment of ragtime and emerge as one of its premiere spokesmen.

He was to wait four decades before picking up the thread of his formal training. Meanwhile, after making his theatrical debut in 1902 in a medicine show, he learned from friends and his own experimenting in the decidedly unacademic halls of saloons, resorts, and sporting houses. In the latter, he remembers as many hours of piano playing as he could take without falling off the stool.

"I'll bet you thought the musicians pocketed the money the audiences threw up at them," he recalled. "Oh, a lot was thrown, all right. But we didn't get it. The pimps did. Then they'd give us back what they thought we were worth. I don't think they regarded us highly. We didn't get all that much."

In 1915, two years after moving to New York, he teamed up with Noble Sissle, who was to remain his partner for 61 years, and learned still more playing in clubs and vaudeville houses and writing for the Broadway stage. In the late 'forties, he finally found the time to study the Schillinger system at New York University under Rudolf Schramm, and was graduated onto the third rung of his personal musical ladder. He could play, he could write, and now he could orchestrate with the best of them.

He pauses to play his four-theme Classical Rag, based on the prescribed AABBA CCDD format. With all its tranquil beauty, it's still a lively exercise in the unrehearsed foot-tapping he says all rags - slow rags, two-steps, concert rags - provoke.

"But a break with the traditional format, it was bound to come. Pretty soon the newer ragtimers wanted to forge ahead on their own. So ragtime spread from the piano to other instruments. A couple of fellows carrying trombones and cornets and clarinets got together and the ragtime band was born. Each varied what he played by putting his own personality stamp on it, and the public came up with a host of names to describe what was still ragtime."

He smiles. "It took a little time, but the music finally got to white dancers, too.

But, my God, what a struggle to get them to open up to it! They liked our beat but I don't think they knew why or what to do with it.

"They were like some of the college audiences I play to these days. Maybe, at first, they listen with too much respect. I understand this and don't mind. I've played too many places where you could hardly hear what keys you were hitting from the clink of the glasses and loud talk. But ragtime, if you think it into a museum, you kill it.

"Then I glance into the audience of youngsters and see the bodies begin to sway, the heads nod, the fingers strum the arms of the seats. Then I know that I - that ragtime has gotten to them, just like it got to their grandparents."

Blake's interest in the younger generation is not confined to reaching them as a performer. In 1972 he established his own independent recording company in association with producer Carl Seltzer. Besides early, rare recordings by Blake and Sissle, and a 1973 solo concert by Blake, the company has released others featuring young disciples who are ready to carry on the ragtime tradition that Blake must someday bequeath to them. Whether his mantle will fall on the shoulders of Jim Hession, Mike Lipskin, Terry Waldo, the Canadian John Arpin, or another third-generation ragtime talent is unknown.

"Sure, swing was ragtime," Blake continues, "or an offshoot of it. The bands were bigger than the earlier ones, and many of the songs they played were already popular songs from the stage and screen. But the best of them did the same thing the old ragtimers did. They took the tunes uptown, you know, to Harlem, and that's what gave them life."

As might be expected of a melodist-technician, Eubie holds in his highest esteem such early stride piano artists as James P. Johnson and Willie (The Lion) Smith, as well as the later Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, and Art Tatum.

"Great, great craftsmen! And Waller, what with that left hand, like a triphammer! I remember a test some of the boys gave Fats once at the Rhythm Club in Harlem. While he was playing, they secretly wound up a metronome in a nearby room to see if that left hand had as perfect timing as everyone said. It did. No matter where the right hand rambled, and it rambled all over the place, the left never lost count with the metronome. The big thing was that nobody in the club sensed this perfection. They were too busy trying to keep up with the right hand."

Eubie the arranger is unruffled at the criticism that swing orchestrated the spontaneity out of ragtime. Eubie the pianist, however, who could transpose pieces into all keys, has special admiration for his turn-of-the-century contemporaries to whom spontaneity was the be-all, end-all of their playing style.

"They were the greatest, picking those notes clean off the tree. Boys like Jesse Pickett, who played everything in the wrong key but it all came out just fine. And Big Jimmy Green, Slew-Foot Nelson, Big-Head Wilbur, William Turk, and Egg-Head Willie Sewell. Then there was One-Leg Willie Joseph, who this club hired to spell me once in a

while. The greatest I ever heard!"

In their own way, he adds, all these early giants were arrangers, too.

"They just wrote with their heads instead of a pen. I remember how we'd stand outside a saloon and listen to the songs being played inside and then go somewhere and play them our own way. I can't remember any of us ever playing a song the exact same way twice. We'd improvise new versions on the spot, with the audience staring up at us, wondering what we'd do next. These fellows kept you on your toes, all right, what with the rivalry going on, friendly but dead serious."

Enter now, as Eubie turns briefly to business matters, his second wife and business manager for 32 years, Marion Tyler, whom he met while visiting his one-time lyricist-collaborator Andy Razaf in Los Angeles. This pleasant former showgirl, several decades his junior, worries far more about Eubie's rigorous schedule than he does, admitting that his willingness to perform practically anywhere is wearing her out.

"He never stops," she says, not as a complaint but as a matter-of-fact precis of his lifestyle, which shows little indication of slowing down as that life advances. "Look at his schedule. It exhausts me just thinking about it."

She opens the appointment book to April. Opposite almost every day are penciled notations for a playing date or other commitment. "Six days in New Orleans, two more in Canada, then an engagement in New York. Then comes May and appearances at the Playboy Club in Wisconsin and Peabody College in Baltimore, then four weeks on the West Coast. In mid-June eight more engagements and on July 4 over to Nice France for a jazz festival. And in between are interviews for a German documentary on jazz, Johnny Carson, and God know how many others I just had to cancel."

She adds that so many people regard the tireless Blake as an inspiration for senior citizens that he could appear weekly at a retirement village somewhere.

"You know what I'd like, sometimes?" she says. "To have us move into one of those villages and get some rest." She shakes her head no and laughs quietly. "What good would that do? You know where you'd find Eubie? Sitting all day and night at the piano in the community hall."

Re-enter Blake, who defines the freewheeling style of the early masters as the biggest single difference between ragtime and such newer musical expressions as rock and fusion.

"I don't pretend to understand them," he says. "Some of it I think I like. I say think because so much is played so loud I can't decipher it, even with this hearing aid of mine. It's deafening - monotonous. And the lyrics! Usually the only words I can hear are the ones in the title. You know voom, voom, voom, dum-dee-dum-dum, I love you, baby! That's the title. That I hear. What went before is anybody's guess. Most important, whatever melody is there doesn't seem to be going anywhere. That worries me.

"Listen to the greatest ragtime records and one thing is clear: The boys never lost sight of the melody. Sure, they'd twist it like a pretzel, stick in a riff, flourish it up, but they always got back to it."

Blake, who calls Zez Confrey's Kitten On the Keys the greatest of all ragtime songs, remains basically a melody man, and definitely an unanti-romantic one at that. Perhaps this best explains why he regards the sweetly melodic Memories Of You as the best of his own songs, even if its span of an octave and a fifth makes it a "little difficult to sing."

Although he remembers the difficult days of overt race discrimination, he is neither resentful nor bitter. It did cost him what could have been a lucrative stint in Hollywood writing for the films. But Blake's stevedore father had inculcated into him the strong anti-hatred belief he still observes. Hatred has a habit of rebounding upon the giver, his father would say. As an activist only in music, which he helped to revolutionize, Blake met the white-dominated society on its own terms and succeeded where lesser talents would have failed.

In the 'teens, for instance, he and Sissle, the other half of the famous "Dixie Duo" vaudeville team, played the New York Palace itself, no minor achievement for anybody, white or black. In 1921 he became one of only three black composers up to that time to write the score of a Broadway musical. Called "Shuffle Along", it ran for more than 500 performances and gave impetus to the merger of ragtime into the Charleston era.

The show launched the career of Paul Robeson and a young chorine by the name of Josephine Baker - and it placed Blake in the heady company of such other Broadway tunesmiths as Victor Herbert, Sigmund Romberg, George Gershwin, and Jerome Kern. And it introduced his most famous song, I'm Just Wild About Harry, so evocative of its times that in 1940 Warner Brothers inserted it into "The Roaring Twenties" to typify the music of the Jazz Age. (It's also one of only 20 songs to receive a special citation from the Songwriters' Hall of Fame.) Five other stage shows followed "Shuffle Along," including "Elsie," which had an all-white cast.

"I've been a teetotaler all my life," he says, and shakes his head. "I watched alcohol destroy so many others, so many others. The long, erratic hours, they were bad enough. But alcohol was the killer. It's the same as dope. How many did I know who wanted to emulate the so-called big shots? 'They drink and so will I,' they'd say. And what happened? Dead at 30, at 40, at 50. The music they still had to give, all lost."

Eubie Blake readily acknowledges that he misses the old days and the friends he passed them with. In the sincerest of ways, he's certain there's a special place for departed musicians, compatriots like Joplin, Sissle, Satchmo, the Kid, the King, and Slew-Foot and One-Leg and Jelly Roll and Wilbur.

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SOMETHING DOING...

JOHN ARPIN - at the Chelsea Inn, 33 Gerrard St. W, Toronto - in "The Piano Bar" Mon. to Fri. 5:00 p. m. to 8:00 p. m. and with his trio in "The Chelsea Bun" Lounge Mon. to Sat. 9:00 p. m. to 1:00 a. m.

EUBIE BLAKE - The DEAN of RAGTIME - This popular recording artist and composer performs frequently at Concerts and Festivals. Does guest appearances on T. V. talk shows and is often to be heard on radio programs (watch your local press music programs for dates).

STEEN CHRISTENSEN - at the Mechanical Music Museum (MMM), Vesterbrogade 150, Copenhagen, (Denmark) every 2nd & 4th Wed. each month.

BOB DARCH - at Nick's Hideaway, in the La Pentola Saloon, Eglinton Ave. just east of the Parkway, Toronto. Sundays 4:30 to 9:00 p. m.

DON EWELL - Esplanade Lounge, Royal Orleans Hotel, New Orleans, Louisiana. Piano - ragtime, Morton style, Waller - par excellence.

PETER FAHRENHOLTZ - plays solo ragtime piano and with bands - regularly on tour in Denmark. Occasionally on tours in other European countries.

DAVE FLOWITT - at Brunswick Hotel, Brunswick Street, Toronto with Dr. McJazz Band, Thursday through Saturday, 9:00 p. m. to 1:00 a. m.
- at the Chelsea Inn, 33 Gerrard St. W., Toronto, Sat. 2:00 - 5:00 p. m. with Chelsea Chasers Trio and Dr. McJazz Band (alt. weeks).

ROBERT GOODNOW - at Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Spring, Col. Nov. 14 on.

RALPH GRUEGEL - and The Eagle Jazz Band at Peabody's, Cedar and Taylor Road, Cleveland Heights, Friday 8:00 - 12:00 p. m. and at the Roadhouse, 8425 Old Route "8", Northfield Center, Saturday.

JOHN HASSE - at The Ordinary, Nashville, Indiana, Fri. and Sat. nights.

TOM "JAZZOO" JONES - ragtime solo in the Paddlewheel Bar aboard the Mississippi Queen, New Orleans to Vicksburg.

JIM KAPLAN - at the Pizza-Stein, 1428 W. Galena Ave., Freeport, Illinois on Tues., Fri. and Sun.

TOM LOUGH - playing a single, good time jazz on the piano 4:00 - 8:00 p. m. Fri. at the "Loose Caboose" at Kent State University's Eastway Center, Kent, Ohio

JOHNNY MADDOX - at Il Porto Ristorante, 121 King St., Alexandria, Virginia, Tues. thru Sun. 8:30 p. m. Jan. 9 - Apr. 29 incl. & June 5 - Sept. 23 incl. Reservations (703) 836-8833.

HARRY MALFAS - banjoist, with NORMAN BOUCHARD on piano at the Yankee Pedlar, Northampton St., Holyoke, MA. (exit 16 East off I-91) every Thursday 8:30 p. m.

GLENN MEYER - and his band at St. Louis, Mo. making regular appearances.

BOB MILNE - at Charley's Crab Rest., Troy, Mich. I-75 at Crook's Rd. Exit. (Alternates with Bob Seeley) 4:00 p. m. to 12:30 a. m. Daily including Sun.

MIKE MONTGOMERY - at The Dakota Inn, Rathskeller, John R. Road north of McNichols, Detroit, Mich. Friday nights.

MAX MORATH - on the road with his show "The Ragtime Years".

DR. ELI NEWBERGER - and The New Black Eagle Jazz Band at the Stickey Wicket Pub, West Main St., Hopkinton, Mass., Thursday 8:00 p. m. to 12:00 p. m. (Pianist is Bob Pilsbury).

TOM NOEL - on the road with his living portrayal shows "Mark Twain at Home", and "Mr. Jelly Lord" based on the life of Jelly Roll Morton.

QUEEN CITY RAGTIME ENSEMBLE - performs every Friday and Saturday, approx. 10:00 p. m. with the Queen City Jazz Band, at Zeno's - 1421 Larimer (Downtown) Denver, Col. 80202.

RASPILLAIRE AND GISH - a musical husband/wife duo performing ragtime at Shakey's, Orlando, Florida.

SI. RICHARDS - at Pat Joyce's Rockcliff Restaurant & Lounge, 2589 Wooster Rd., Rocky River, Ohio, 7:00 - 11:00 p. m. Wed. thru Sat.

TOM SCHMUTZLER - piano, appearing with HARRY MALFAS, banjo, as The Hardware City Temperance and Ragtime Society on Fri. & Sat. 8 30 p. m. at Fitz's Wharf, Court St., Chicopee Falls, Mass. Exit 5, I-90 Mass. Tpke.

BOB SEELEY - at Charley's Crab Rest., Troy, Mich. I-75 at Crook's Rd. Exit (Alternates with Bob Milne) 4:00 p. m. to 12:30 a. m. Daily including Sun.

RICHARD SKRIKA - at the piano with the Eric Mannering New Imperial Jazz Band - Lee's Imperial Tavern, Riverside Drive, Windsor, Ontario, Every Sat. 4:00 - 7:00 p. m.

DAN SUMMERS - and New Charleston Chasers regularly appearing in the Buffalo area.

TREBOR TICHENOR - on the Goldenrod Showboat, at St. Louis, Missouri every Saturday night. Does weekly radio show on KWMU - FM 90. 7 called "Ragophile with Trebor Tichenor", Fridays 7:00 - 8:00 p. m.

JERRY TRAUNIG - playing at the Brownstone Restaurant, Hartford, CT.

HANK TROY - listen to his ragtime program on KVOD-FM, Tuesdays 6:30 - 7:00 p. m.

TERRY WALDO - has weekly half hour radio show "THIS IS RAGTIME" on National Public Radio - Check your local listing.
- Crazy Horse Saloon, Bush Blvd. at Rt. 161 near I-71, Columbus, Ohio. Ragtime pianist Terry Waldo and singer SUSAN LAMARCHE. Sundays 8:00 p. m. to 1:00 a. m.

GALEN WILKES - does weekly half hour radio show "THE RAGTIME YEARS" Tues. 9:00 p. m. 88. 7 FM on WVHC from Hofstra Univ., Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.

TEX WYNDHAM - and The Red Lion Jazz Band in the Green Room at the Hotel duPont, 11th & Market Sts., Wilmington, Del. 1st Fri. each month, 8:30 p. m. to 12:30 a. m., A/C 302-656-8121.

THE TANGO

TWO STEP

by

Joe Jordan

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